

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND." *Cooper.*



AT LEATHERBOROUGH.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

CHAPTER II.

POOR Jonathan Huppers slept—not with his fathers, for he was supposed to have none, but with his son, who had died about a year before in the same seaside lodgings at Bognor, and lay buried in the churchyard there. Mr. Lines, assisted by the housekeeper, Mrs. Petterly, saw to that; and the latter then gave an account of her stewardship

and retired to live among her friends upon a comfortable pension bequeathed by her late master. The blinds were now drawn up again, and Mr. Loftus, in the rumoured enjoyment of *sixty thousand* pounds, went in and out without fear of molestation, and heard the postman's knock without alarm. Mr. Dix, Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Wicks sent in their cards expressive of their deep gratitude for past favours, and hoping to be honoured with a continuance of those esteemed orders which it would ever be the

chief ambition of their lives to merit. Madame Perigrande wrote a feverish note on black-edged paper, neatly scolloped, expressive of her desolation at hearing of the uncourteous letter which her solicitors had written against her express orders, and begging permission to wait on Mrs. Loftus with the latest "modes" in graduated mourning—modes which she had received that day from Paris, and which would be found peculiarly graceful and becoming to ladies of superior style and figure.

Meantime there were many and serious consultations between Mr. Loftus and his solicitor as to the conditions of the will, the result of which was that neither name nor motto could be modified or changed in any way whatever. It was doubtful whether even the spurs could be allowed, as the terms of the will required that the sign should be copied with as much exactness as possible from the design which had been displayed for so many years over the shop-door in Peg Street, and on the headings of the bills. Mr. Cutter advised his client that any departure from this model might cause the forfeiture of the legacy, and that was a risk that could not of course be seriously thought of.

The question of the shoe business was also discussed. This was Arthur's legacy, and in order to secure it he must go and live at Leatherborough and carry on the shop in his own name and under his own personal direction. To the intense disgust of his father, he not only said he must consider of it, but decided, as the result of his consideration, that he would accept the legacy and faithfully conform to its requirements. At all events, he would go down and see the place with that intention.

"A pretty state of things," said Isabeau Loftus, "when I could make you director of half a dozen companies, and put you in the way of enjoying an ample income! You tied to a shoe-shop in Leatherborough, and your sister a lady of title in the best London circles!"

"Is that settled?" said Arthur.

"As good as settled," replied his father, "unless you put a stop to it by your ridiculous folly."

"Has Watergilt spoken?"

"Yes—at least, I know what he means; he has asked me, for instance—"

"Well?"

"To lend him a thousand pounds."

"Without security?"

"Of course, that's just the point. *Personal* security he called it, jokingly."

"Is that all?"

"No, it's not all; but I can't repeat everything that passed. Besides, there's a great deal in manner; we understood each other, and that's sufficient."

"I don't believe my sister cares for him," said Arthur.

"That's her affair; she ought to be the best judge about that."

"And if Watergilt cares for her, it won't make any difference in his intentions, whatever my profession may be."

"'Profession,' do you call it?"

"Trade, then—business—anything you like."

"Anything I don't like, you mean. But it's useless talking to you, I know that by experience; you will always go your own way, and never take counsel with anybody."

"That's not exactly true in this instance."

"Whose advice have you asked, then?"

Arthur was silent.

"Is it a fact that you are still after that little underbred girl at Clapham?"

"I can't answer you if you talk to me so. You know very well that I am engaged to marry Kate Moreland. Of course I have talked to her about the shoe-shop—it concerns her more than anybody else, and, like a dear sensible girl as she is, she doesn't object to it."

"I dare say not, it's all in her way; her father's a tradesman."

"My grandfather was a tradesman, I believe."

"Only on the mother's side, and you needn't throw him in my teeth, for you never knew him."

"That's the side the money comes from; the shoe-shop is not to be despised if it can give you £30,000 and me an honest living."

"The money was never made there; Hoppers speculated and was lucky: his money is nearly all in bank shares. I wonder he carried on the shop at all; it's the same little place in Peg Street that your mother remembers five-and-twenty years ago; quite a second-rate concern, she says. You will have to wear a black apron and do the civil to the men while your wife tries on the women's shoes in the back parlour."

"That's not my idea of it. I am going down to see the place to-morrow, and Miss Moreland and her father will go with me."

The following morning Arthur Loftus met Mr. Moreland and his daughter by appointment at the North-Western terminus, and took second-class tickets for Leatherborough. Arthur had written to Mr. Lines apprising him of his intention to visit and take possession of his inheritance, and that gentleman was waiting for him at the station.

"Shall we drive to Peg Street?" he asked.

"If you please."

"Are you acquainted with Leatherborough?"

"Never was here before in my life."

"It's a curious town—the old part of it, at least; and that's where Peg Street lies."

They drove on in anxious silence, through narrow irregular streets, but well paved and well kept. Peg Street announced itself by a shiny porcelain label on the corner house; and presently the cab stopped before the shop.

"There are the boots," cried Kate, "the golden boots, and the motto on a waving scroll, 'Nothing like leather.'"

There they were, sure enough, suspended over the doorway. The shop was old-fashioned, rather low and dark, the windows and walls being well lined with boots and shoes for sale, which also hung in close array from every part of the ceiling.

The foreman received them with a bow, and led them through a room at the back, where some giggling servant girls were trying on pumps, to a parlour still farther in the rear. It was exactly what the elder Loftus had suggested, and Arthur felt his heart sink within him. "This will never do," he thought; "I could not bring my Kate to such a place as this." It was a very painful moment; for he had been dreaming much of the happiness in store for him with her, and had flattered himself that he should soon make a way to fortune from this humble beginning, as his uncle had done. He felt very hot and uncomfortable, and heartily wished he had not brought Mr. Moreland and his

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daughter with him. The latter seemed to know what was in his thoughts, for at that moment Arthur felt his hand warmly clasped, and looking down, met her eyes gazing up into his own, and saw a cheerful smile upon her lips. She said nothing, but he fancied he could see, for all her cheerfulness, that she was of his opinion, that "it would not do."

"Did Mr. Hoppers live here?" he asked the foreman, when he could trust himself to speak.

"Oh yes, sir, a many years; it's a very good house, sir, upstairs; only it's so full of stock; there's a large drawing-room over the front shop, and three good bedrooms; the other rooms and the lattics are used for depot."

"You do a great deal of business, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir; a mense of business."

"I don't see many customers just now."

"Customers, sir? why, of course—"

"Crawker," cried Mr. Lines, "step here a minute."

Crawker obeyed; the lawyer whispered something to him, and he withdrew.

"Would you like to go upstairs?" said Mr. Lines; "I can show you the premises."

"Oh, yes, let us see everything; do you care about coming, Kate?"

"Of course, I do," she answered; "this is what I came to Leatherborough to see."

They went over the house together, and sat down afterwards in the "large" drawing-room, which was plainly and somewhat vulgarly furnished.

"What do you think of it all?" said Mr. Lines.

"There's plenty of stock," said Arthur, with a forced smile.

"Nothing like leather!" said the lawyer. "How do you like the house?"

"Pretty well; it's rather close, I think."

"It's a warm, close day," said Kate.

"My uncle must have been a very industrious and self-denying man to live here so long, and to accumulate so much money. I wish he had had more enjoyment of it during his own lifetime."

"Mr. Hoppers enjoyed himself well enough, after his way; but he was used to the business. It's different with you, and I dare say you don't like the conditions attached to your ownership?"

"I can't say I do like them; I must take a few days to think over the matter, however, before I decide what to do."

"Yes, don't be in a hurry; if you are not too tired I'll show you the rest."

"Is there anything more?"

"There's the workshop, and so forth."

They re-entered the cab, and drove again through the narrow streets to the outskirts of the town, approached a long range of new buildings, and, turning suddenly through an archway, entered a spacious courtyard well paved with flags, and surrounded on its four sides by lofty walls pierced with innumerable windows. In the centre of the quadrangle was a handsome drinking fountain of stone, from either side of which a stream of water flowed with a pleasant and refreshing sound; above were four projecting lamps, supported upon massive iron branches, and over all a pair of golden boots erect, with the motto on a scroll beneath them, "Nothing like leather."

They alighted at the "office," and were received by a gentlemanly-looking man, stout, ruddy, grey-haired, with a cheerful countenance; he ushered

them into a large room, well carpeted and handsomely furnished. "This," he said, "was Mr. Hoppers's private office; I am his manager, at your service; this is Mr. Topper, the book-keeper and cashier; this is the foreman of the currying department; this is the head clerk and correspondent."

All this time a bell was ringing loudly, and the sound of many feet and many voices was heard in the courtyard. Arthur went to the window, and saw a long double line of workpeople drawn up in front of the fountain. Others were pouring in from various doors, men and women, boys and girls, curriers, cutters, stabbers, closers, webbers, packers, porters, till the spacious yard seemed full of them. "These," said the manager, waving his open palm towards them with evident pride, "these are our hands."

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment and emotion with which the three visitors witnessed this display. For a time they were too much overcome to utter a word.

"Would you like to address them, sir?" said the manager.

"Not now," said Arthur Loftus, "another time."

"They shall return to their work, then; and I shall be happy to attend you over the building."

They followed the manager through the several departments, mounting innumerable stairs and traversing an endless series of workshops filled with machinery and thronged with busy "hands." They inspected the enormous stock of leather, the "grindery" store, well supplied with all materials for the handicraft, and the ware-rooms, in which were thousands of pairs of boots and shoes ready for exportation, or waiting to be sent away upon Government contracts. At length, completely tired, they returned to the private office, and sat down in the easy-chairs to rest.

"Would you like to look through the books?" said Mr. Topper, appearing before them, with the key of the iron closet in his hand.

"No, thank you," said Arthur; "I feel rather overcome. Can we get a glass of wine and a biscuit anywhere near?"

"If you are satisfied with what you have seen," answered Mr. Lines, "we will go at once to the late Mr. Hoppers's private residence, where I have ordered luncheon to be prepared. It should be ready by this time."

"In Peg Street?"

"Oh no! it is a very pleasant villa a little way out of town."

"I am bewildered," he answered. "Surely Mr. Crawker said that my uncle lived in Peg Street."

"A many years'—so he did; but that was 'a many years' ago. Crawker himself lives there now, and carries on the retail business by commission. It was one of your uncle's hobbies not to give that up: he called it the *seed shop*, because all the rest sprang from it."

"And I will never give it up," said Arthur Loftus.

"I am delighted to hear you say so," answered the lawyer. "Now let us go to luncheon."

At the door they found a well-appointed private carriage with a pair of horses waiting for them instead of the railway cab in which they had arrived. On the panels were the sign and motto now so familiar to them. Over the entrance gates of Crispin Villa, where they alighted, the golden boots were again conspicuous. Within the house everything was

good, sensible, and substantial. Comfort without display, plenty without extravagance, was the rule throughout. Arthur Loftus took his place at the head of the table, supremely happy. Kate Moreland sat at his right hand, silent but radiant; her father, who had been an hour or two before reserved and out of spirits, was now excited and disposed to talk. It would have been a merry party but that feelings were stirred in every heart too deep and earnest to break forth in noisy ebullitions.

When the servants had retired, Mr. Lines took the liberty, as he said, of drinking to the health of the new shoemaker and his bride elect, and welcoming them to their future home. He told them how high a character their late relative had borne in the town, and how warmly he was beloved by all his workpeople. "I knew him intimately," he said. "He lost his only son (a promising youth, to whom he had looked to carry on the factory after his own fashion) about the same time last year that I myself suffered a similar loss. We were drawn together; we knew something of each other's hearts. When my dear friend found his own health failing, he confided to me the anxiety and difficulty which he felt about the disposition of his affairs. It pained him to think that he should leave his 'family of workpeople,' as he called them, to be dealt with by strangers. He wished, if possible, to make provision for the carrying on of his business, and of the many good works with which he was connected in this town, in the same liberal and philanthropic spirit by which he had himself been animated. At his request I made inquiries about his niece, your mother, of whom he had for many years heard nothing. I also sought and obtained information about yourself, Mr. Arthur, your character and habits. I heard of your diligence and self-denial, and of your determination to fit yourself by study and industry for the serious business of life. You are astonished; you do not recognise me, but I have even on one occasion been in your company, and held some conversation with you. I had means of ascertaining the truth on all the points which I have mentioned, and I formed my own opinion of you also from the few words which we exchanged. I reported everything to my dear friend Hoppers; and he was on the point of sending for you to make your acquaintance when his last illness seized him. We were then told by the doctors that he must not be excited, and that no strange faces must be introduced. We waited, therefore, hoping that he might recover. He made his will only two days before his death; and I am thankful this day for the conviction, which I feel now more strongly than ever, that if it were possible for him to know and see the result of that last act and deed, he would himself be satisfied. I hope and believe," he continued, extending his hand to Arthur Loftus, who rose and grasped it warmly, "that you will prove a worthy successor to my old friend Jonathan Hoppers. I confidently expect that those workpeople in whom he took so warm an interest will find in you also a considerate and judicious master, a wise adviser, a kind and sympathising friend. May God's blessing rest upon you and your work."

Mr. Lines's augury was fulfilled. Arthur Loftus entered with earnestness and vigour upon the duties of his position; the manufactory prospered; the retail trade was not neglected; and in a short time he succeeded not only in making himself familiar

with the details of the business, but also personally acquainted with all the workpeople in his employ, and with their families and homes.

In due course the customary notice appeared in the "Gazette," that Isabeau Loftus, Esquire, was thenceforth to bear the name of "Hoppers" in addition to his own patronymic; and on the panels of his new carriage the design and motto of the late Jonathan Hoppers, of Leatherborough, shoemaker, were duly painted—*sable, a pair of boots or, with the legend, in plain English capitals, NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.*

Alas that it should be told! The very next "Gazette" which appeared announced the total collapse of the Leatherborough Joint Stock Banking Company. The fortune which Mr. Loftus Hoppers had but just inherited at so great a sacrifice of his pride, and on conditions which he always spoke of as "insulting," melted from him in short time. It was but one of many vicissitudes which he had experienced, and did not affect him so deeply as it might otherwise have done. He would have dropped the name of Hoppers immediately, but there was some hope that the bank shares might yet prove to be of value, and he feared to lose them. He did ultimately recover some small percentage; and as his son made him a kind of sleeping partner in the shoe-factory, and sent him every year a bonus upon the profits, he was always above absolute want, though never free from debt.

I must add that Lord Percy Watergilt did not marry Miss Loftus. He had occasion to visit Boulogne soon after he attained his majority, and may perhaps be there still.

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

HAVING lately given an account of the Bourbon family, and of the Comte de Chambord, as its chief representative and claimant for the throne of France, it may interest our readers to see the order of heirship of the Bonaparte family. Whatever decrees of expulsion the rival Governments may pass, the choice of the reigning dynasty must ultimately rest with the nation; and in the proverbial fickleness and changeableness of French national opinion, no one can tell how soon the Imperial family may again rise to supreme power. A correspondent of the "Standard" has pointed out various errors in the genealogical lists in popular calendars and memoirs, and gives the following as a more complete record of the family, and of the order of succession, as established by the *Senatus Consulta* of 1804 and 1852.

By the marriage with Lætitia Ramolino, Charles Bonaparte, who died in 1785, had eight children—viz., Joseph, born in 1768, King of Naples, and afterwards King of Spain, who died in 1845; he married Mdlle. Marie-Julie Clary, sister of the Queen of Sweden, wife of General Bernadotte; Napoleon I, born in 1769, who married first Madame Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie, widow of the Viscount de Beauharnais, divorced in 1810; and afterwards Marie-Louise, Archduchess of Austria; Lucien, born in 1775, who married first Christine Boyer, and afterwards Alexandrine de Bleschamps; Elisa, born in 1777, Princess of Lucques and Piombino, Grand

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Duchess of Tuscany, who married Prince Felix Baciocchi; Louis, born in 1778, King of Holland, who married the Princess Hortense de Beauharnais, Duchess de Saint-Leu, daughter of Josephine and the Viscount de Beauharnais; Pauline, born in 1780, Grand Duchess of Guastella, who married first General Leclerc, and afterwards Prince Camille Borghèse; Caroline, born in 1782, Queen of Naples, Countess de Lipona; she married Murat, King of Naples; and Jerome, born in 1784, King of Westphalia, who died in 1860; he married first Elizabeth Patterson, and afterwards Catherine, Princess Royal of Wurtemberg.

The children of Joseph Bonaparte, the eldest of the family, were—Zénáïde, born in 1801, and died in 1854, who married Charles, Prince of Canino, son of Lucien, brother of Napoleon I; and Charlotte, born in 1802, died in 1839, married to Napoleon-Louis, second son of Louis, brother of Napoleon I.

The only legitimate child of Napoleon I was the Duke de Reichstadt, who was born 1811, and died at the age of 21. His adopted children were—Prince Eugène Beauharnais, born in 1782, and who married the daughter of the King of Bavaria; Queen Hortense, born in 1783, and married Louis, King of Holland, brother of Napoleon I; and the Princess Stephanie de Beauharnais, born in 1789, and married to the Grand Duke of Baden.

The children of Lucien Bonaparte by his first wife (Christine Boyer) were—Charlotte, born in 1796, and married to Prince Gabrielli, by whom he had one son and three daughters; and Christine, born in 1798, and married in 1824 to Lord Dudley, by whom she had a son.

By his second marriage with Alexandrine de Bleschamps Prince Lucien had nine children—Charles Lucien, born in 1803, Prince of Canino, who married his cousin Zénáïde, daughter of Prince Joseph; Letitia, born in 1804, married to Sir Thomas Wise, and who had three children—Prince Napoleon Lucien, Madame Rattazzi, and Madame Surr; Jeanne, born in 1807, and married to the Marquis Honorati; Louis-Lucien, born in 1813, made a senator, and died in 1857; Pierre, born in 1815; Antoine, born in 1816, and married to Mdlle. Cardinale; Marie, born in 1818, and married to Viscount Valentini, who died recently; Constance, born in 1823, and became a nun; and Paul, who died in Greece.

The Princess Elisa had two children—Napoleon Elisa Baciocchi, born in 1806, and married to the Count Camerata; and Frederic, born in 1813, and who died at Rome.

The children of Prince Louis by the Princess Hortense de Beauharnais were—Napoleon-Charles, born in 1802, Prince Royal of Holland, who died in 1807; Napoleon-Louis, born in 1804, and died in 1831; and Charles Louis Napoleon (the late Emperor), born in 1808, and died in 1873. He married Marie-Eugenie de Guzman, Countess de Teba.

Caroline, who married Prince Murat, King of Naples, had four children—Napoleon Achille Murat, Prince Royal of the Two Sicilies, born in 1801 and died in 1847; Letitia-Joseph, born in 1803, and married to Prince Pepoli; Lucien Murat, born in 1803; and Louise-Julie, born in 1805, and married to the Count Rasponi.

Prince Jerome had one child by his first wife, Miss Patterson, Jerome Napoleon, born in 1805. By

his second wife, the Princess of Wurtemberg, there were three children—viz., Jerome Napoleon, born in 1814, and died in 1847; Mathilde, Princess of Montfort, born in 1820, and married to Prince Demidoff; and Prince Joseph Charles Paul, born in 1822, and married to the Princess Clotilde, daughter of King Victor Emmanuel.

Of these branches of the Bonaparte family three now exist, and are represented by the children of the Princes Lucien, Louis, and Jerome. The descendants of Prince Louis are invested with the succession to the throne, by virtue of the constitution of the Empire, sanctioned by the country in 1852.

Prince Charles Lucien had ten children—Joseph Lucien Charles Napoleon, born in 1824; Lucien, born in 1828, who became a priest of the Catholic Church; Charlotte, born in 1830, and married to the Marquis del Gallo Roccajovine; Charlotte Honorine, born in 1832, and married to the Count Primoli; Marie, born in 1835, and married to the Count de Campello; Augusta, born in 1836, and married to Prince Gabrielli; Napoleon Charles Gregoire Jacques Philippe, born in 1839, and married to the Princess Christine de Ruspoli; Bathilde, born in 1840, and died in 1861; Albertine, born in 1842, and died in the same year; and Charles Albert, born in 1843.

Prince Louis had one child, Napoleon Eugène Jean Louis Joseph, Prince Imperial, born in 1856, expectant Emperor of France.

Prince Napoleon Jerome (younger branch) had three children—Napoleon Victor Jerome Frederic, born in 1862; Napoleon Louis Joseph Jerome, born in 1864; and Marie Lætitia Eugenie Catherine Adelaide, born in 1866.

According to the terms of the constitution of the Empire, the Imperial dignity is hereditary in the direct and legitimate male descendants of Napoleon III, by order of primogeniture. If the late Emperor had had no male offspring, he could, by this constitution, have adopted the legitimate male children of the brother of Napoleon I, but this privilege of adoption was withheld from the successors of Napoleon III and their descendants. By a decree of the 18th of December, 1852, Napoleon III named as his successor his uncle Jerome, brother of Napoleon I, and his male descendants by his marriage with the Princess Charlotte of Wurtemberg, by order of primogeniture, and to the perpetual exclusion of female descendants. The Senatus Consultum of July 17, 1856, laid down that the future Emperor would be considered as a minor until he attained the age of eighteen, and that the Empress would be Regent, unless she married a second time.

A decree of the 24th Sept., 1864, appointed Prince Napoleon (Jerome) Vice-President of the Privy Council, with the object of his assuming the functions of Regent, should the conditions previously laid down for the Regency not be complied with. The statute of the 21st June, 1853, laying down the conditions and obligations of the members of the Imperial family, contained dispositions applicable to those members of the family who were not qualified as French princes, and who had no official rank at Court. According to this statute the descendants of Prince Jerome and of Prince Lucien Murat were the only French princes who could rank as members of the Imperial family. The descendants of Caroline (the Murats), and those of Lucien (the Canino branch), simply formed part of the family of the Emperor.

NOTES ON NEW GUINEA.

BY THE REV. W. WYATT GILL.

IV.

AT the farther extremity of the village the scene was enchanting. A small island, covered with timber, divides the river into two principal branches. In the distance were magnificent ranges of cloud-capped mountains. From where we stood to the farthest shore was more than three miles, and this at the end of the dry season. What, then, must be the volume of water poured down from the interminable valleys of the interior during the rainy season! The natives told us that we were the first whites that had ever entered their village, and that our boat was the first that ever entered Manumanu river.

On leaving, a crowd of men, women, and children followed us to the boat. The little boys waded up to their arm-pits for a final shake of the hands. It was late in the afternoon when we reached the yacht, deeply grateful to God for thus opening up our way.

On Monday, 25th, the six Rarotongan teachers went ashore. Piri, who happened to have on a bright red checked flannel shirt, was the first to leave the boat. Piri is a finely built fellow, head and shoulders above the men of Manumanu. The crowd at the river-side fled in absolute terror, but as Piri did not chase them, but gently assured them that their visitors were but men like themselves, and servants of the living God, they came back one by one, and eventually carried their goods to the council-house, which had been set apart by the chiefs for their use. The natives in the evening explained to Piri that it was his extraordinary skin (as they at first took his shirt to be) that had frightened them.

We noticed one or two deplorable instances of bone disease (*necrosis*). One lad who followed us about was a living skeleton; it was distressing to look at him.

MANUMANU RIVER.

On Tuesday, Nov. 26th, Captain Websdale and myself set off to explore Manumanu river. We started from the ship at 6 A.M., but did not reach the village till eight, the tide being against us. An old man with whom we had become very friendly agreed to accompany us up the river. We pulled up the *Wanaba*, or eastern channel; a mile beyond the village we landed on a pleasant grass-plat, where we halted for breakfast. Whilst the kettle was boiling I wandered into the bush, and came for the first time upon the mound-nest of the *Megapodius tumulus*. On my return I missed my way, and floundered through a mangrove swamp, thankful to escape with the loss of the plants I had collected. *Eucalypti* and *Melaleucae* of different species mingled with trees of far richer foliage. A laughing-jackass, its note differing but little from that of its Australian namesake, approached within a few yards of us. We were hoping to fall in with a ring-tailed opossum, which here attains the length of thirty inches. Our guide wore a pretty head-dress made out of the skin of one.

We again started on our way, this time with a fair wind. The heat was extreme. Flocks of wild ducks gazed at us as we glided pleasantly along. The river was narrowed by two islets. Farther on, the *Mareva*, a considerable stream, branched out in a southerly direction. The river now became much

narrower; for a long while we saw nothing but mangrove, but at last the southern bank became comparatively open. It was lined with the *Nipa fruticans*, the fronds of which are thirty feet in length, *i.e.*, twice the length of a cocoa-nut frond. We secured a specimen of the fruit (it weighed 60lb.), which closely resembled that of the pandanus, only eight times larger. The flower, too, was gigantic. The leaves resemble those of the cocoanut; even the mid-rib was the same. Yet the *Nipa fruticans* never attains to any considerable height, and is found only in wet localities. This palm is common throughout New Guinea and the Indian Archipelago. Its long leaves, carefully split into fine shreds, furnish the grass-like petticoat of the women. The oily kernel, of the size of a filbert, is eaten in times of scarcity. The *Pandanus odoratissimus* has four minute seeds, where there is but one of the *Nipa*.

The rattan grew sparingly farther on, flocks of pigeons flew lazily across the river, and bitterns were occasionally seen. The river now changed its direction from north to east, evidently trending towards the "Owen Stanley," being probably one of the many streams derived from its base. As we proceeded the banks rose, yet it was evident that the entire country was inundated in the wet season; hence the absence of population. Now the scenery became exquisitely beautiful. A great variety of trees grew, not too thickly, on either bank; vines and creepers innumerable hung in graceful drapery from the loftiest branches. Overtopping all were what we mistook for ancient cocoa-nut trees, eighty or a hundred feet high. These were the *Kentia procera*, with its great clusters of berries for fruit, found in New Britain and other islands of the Indian Archipelago. One of them had fallen across the river, ready to be borne into the ocean by the next freshet. On the opposite bank grew a strange-looking dwarfish palm, bearing fruit. Here and there graceful fan-palms raised their heads; a large vulture, with a white neck and a very disagreeable loud croak, soared high overhead; hawks were in hot pursuit of smaller birds that sought safety in the recesses of the forest. A tiny bird, at first mistaken for a large butterfly or moth, amused us by darting in and out of the long grass overhanging the river, in search of insects. The hoarse voice of the cassowary was heard in the distance; and the cry of the cuckoo reminded us of home.

At 2 P.M. we rested on a high grassy bank, hedged in by tall delicate tree-ferns, a leaf of which was as long as our boat. We were seven miles from the river's mouth, which was here forty yards across and eight feet deep.

Our way home was pleasant, being shaded by the dense forest. We landed at Manumanu to say farewell to the teachers. A number of stranger natives were pointed out to us; they had that day arrived in canoes from seven villages on the opposite side of the bay to secure teachers. In Redscar Bay alone there is a population of some four or five thousand open to the labours of the Christian evangelist.

New Guinea is the habitat of the far-famed bird-of-paradise, which was once fabled to pass its time

floating in the air, destitute of legs and feet! Of the eighteen known species of this beautiful bird, fourteen are found only in New Guinea. On the south-west coast this bird is known as the "kaka-iamia."

MOUNT OWEN STANLEY.

It was nearly noon ere the wind favoured us on Wednesday, November 27, 1872. As usual, we rose before the sun, this time in the hope of obtaining a farewell glimpse of the Owen Stanley range. Two lower ranges intervene between it and the sea-coast. There stood Mount Owen Stanley in all its glory, rising 13,205 feet above the ocean level. A little to the E.N.E. rises a still loftier mountain, the highest peak in a range at the back of Owen Stanley, and some thousands of feet higher than its well-known compeer. A cloud invariably rested on the summit of this hitherto unnamed mountain. Captain Websdale first drew our attention to it; thenceforward we daily looked for the occasional pleasure of admiring its solitary grandeur.

The women of Redscar Bay are by no means a downtrodden race. One of our party had a knife stolen from his belt. I mentioned the matter to the master of the house, who pretended not to understand me. On my again requesting the restoration of the stolen article, his wife (who had appropriated it), with the utmost haughtiness, ordered our entire party out of the premises; and go we did, the husband looking helplessly on.

At Redscar Bay there is a great desire for clothing of every description. On two occasions they attempted to pull off my coat, so eager were they for European attire. Whilst at Mauat I remonstrated with some of the chiefs for not wearing a little covering. They straightened themselves up, and replied with offended dignity, "Would you have us to be like women? Clothing is only for women."

Upon landing in Queensland I was asked whether the cob-walls of the New Guinea natives were not inlaid with pearls! The *avieia* is, indeed, used by the Mauat natives for breast ornaments. For it they pay extravagant prices to the Straits natives.

I am fully persuaded that New Guinea is rich in minerals, being in reality a mere extension of Australia. Little Daudai is separated from Great Daudai only by a shallow strait, which is continually traversed by canoes. Experience has proved Australia to be rich in minerals, especially towards the north and east. Béche-de-mer, tortoise-shell, the golden-tipped pearl oyster, dugong ivory, nutmegs, and mace, abound there. It is affirmed that gold has been discovered at Port Moresby.

To the Christian philanthropist this great island has a far higher interest. Hundreds of thousands of immortal souls are awaiting the glad tidings of Christ's salvation. Even New Guinea shall yet stretch out her hand toward God. "Unto *Him* every knee must bow." "*He* must reign." God speed the evangelisation of this island, the largest save one on the face of the globe!

HISTORICAL NOTE.

It may be well, in concluding these papers, to recall the fact that nearly three centuries and a half ago New Guinea, sometimes called Papua, was discovered by the Portuguese navigator Don Torge de Meneses, on his passage from Malacca to the Moluccas. At that period the Portuguese and the Spaniards

were hotly contesting the possession of the Spice Islands. The next visitor, a Spaniard, named it "Isla del Oro" (isle of gold), in the belief that gold abounded there. In 1606 Torres discovered the famous Straits which bear his name. Our great navigator Captain Cook, on his first voyage in 1770, touched at the south-west coast. Five years later Forrest visited Dorey, on the northern extremity of New Guinea, in quest of nutmegs. In 1845 Captain Blackwood discovered the Fly River, which may be regarded as the natural highway to the interior of New Guinea. In the following year Lieutenant Yule surveyed the southern coast as far east as Yule Island. In 1848 Captain Owen Stanley, brother of the present Dean of Westminster, completed Yule's survey of the south-eastern peninsula. In the early part of last year Captain Moresby, of H.M.S. Basilisk, discovered a noble double harbour inside the Fisherman Islands, and ascertained that the extreme south-eastern shore of New Guinea is forked. His further explorations promise to be of great importance. Already a highway to China from Australia has been discovered. The work is not one to be hurriedly completed; five hundred miles of coast have just been explored. My own visit to New Guinea was made just before Captain Moresby's. Of course, as missionaries, we were unarmed. Despite these later discoveries, the *interior* of New Guinea is a "terra incognita." The veil which has hitherto hung over it is now being removed, for Christian men are resolved to convey to its inhabitants the blessings of the gospel and civilisation.

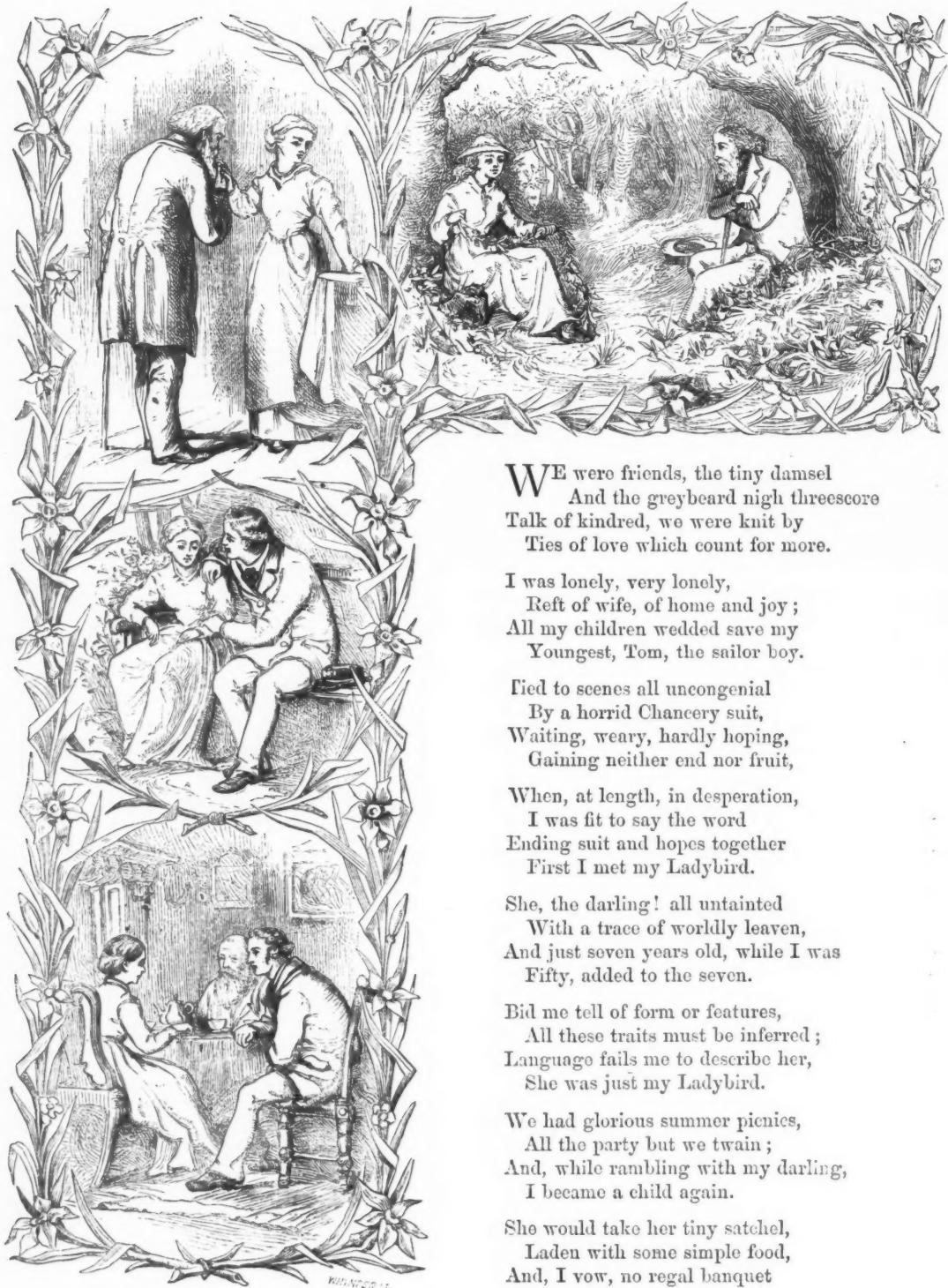
ADDITION TO VOCABULARY.

P.S.—Since the publication of our former paper we have received the following additional list of words pointing to a common origin of the races:—

S.E. NEW GUINEA.	RAROTONGAN.	
Tan	Taugata...	Man, husband.
Taukuna	Tuakanu...	Elder brother or sister.
Taumiri...	Tamamiri...	Younger " "
Mata	Mata...	Face, eye.
Ima	Rima...	Hand, five.
Ac	Vaevae...	Foot.
Poka	Poka (indelicate)	Stomach
Rau	Au...	I.
Oi	Koo...	Thou.
Ia...	Aia...	He.
Karua	Raua...	They two.
Hai	Ai...	Fire.
Niu...	Nu, Niu...	Cocoa-nut.
Taro	Taro...	{ Taro, i.e., the Arum { esculentum.
Tou...	To...	Sugar-cane.
Mauta	Moe...	Sleep.
Aniani	Kaikai...	Eat, food.
Wanua	Enua...	Land.
Pata	Maata...	Great.
Mauri	Mauri...	Life, spirit.
Mate	Mate...	Dead, death.
	(So also at Madagascar.)	
Noo	Noo	Sit, stay.
Tinana (of human beings)	Tinana (of inferior animals)	Mother.
Tati	Tai...	Sea.
Ma	Marama...	Moon.
Fetu	Etu...	Star.
Au	Rakau...	Wood.
Aria	Aria...	By-and-bi.
Atoral	Aini...	Evening.
Tupuna	Tupuna...	Ancestor.
Haine	Vaine...	Woman, wife.
Tori	Mokotua...	Back.
Patu (= anger)	Patu (= strike)	Bitter, bad-hearted.
Kavakava	Kavakava...	One.
Tamona...	Tai...	Two.
Rua	Rua...	Three.
Toi	Toru...	Four.
Ani	A...	Five.
Ima	Rima...	Six.
Tauratoi = twice three	Ono...	Seven.
Itu	Itu...	Eight.
Tauraani = twice four	Varu...	Nine.
Ta	Iva...	Ten.
Koauta	Ngauru...	

My Ladybird.

"It was an old man's tale, and as he told it I made from it this rhyming chronicle."



WE were friends, the tiny damsel
And the greybeard nigh threescore
Talk of kindred, we were knit by
Ties of love which count for more.

I was lonely, very lonely,
Reft of wife, of home and joy ;
All my children wedded save my
Youngest, Tom, the sailor boy.

Tied to scenes all uncongenial
By a horrid Chancery suit,
Waiting, weary, hardly hoping,
Gaining neither end nor fruit,

When, at length, in desperation,
I was fit to say the word
Ending suit and hopes together
First I met my Ladybird.

She, the darling ! all untainted
With a trace of worldly leaven,
And just seven years old, while I was
Fifty, added to the seven.

Bid me tell of form or features,
All these traits must be inferred ;
Language fails me to describe her,
She was just my Ladybird.

We had glorious summer picnics,
All the party but we twain ;
And, while rambling with my darling,
I became a child again.

She would take her tiny satchel,
Laden with some simple food,
And, I vow, no regal banquet
Ever tasted half so good.

Oh, to tell of our disasters!
Faces smeared and dresses rent;
Wild fruits gathered, blossoms wreathed,
Autumn days in gladness spent.

Then, to hear her joyous shouting,
By the lighted Christmas tree,
And the cry that all *her* presents
She was certain came from me.

When one spoke of "Father Christmas,"
To my side she bounding came,
Stroked my snowy beard, and whispered
That was a delightful name.

Christmas brought her lots of pleasures,
And so, sure enough, did I,
So she said that Father Christmas
Was the name to know me by.

But, alas! as years rolled onward,
She must bend to form and rule;
So, to mould her childish manners,
Went my Ladybird to school.

Thus I lost her, lost my treasure,
Lost my winsome, childish pet.
All our mutual bygone pleasure
I must mourn, but ne'er forget.

Now she comes with stately reverence,
Bending low her sunny head;
And, where once I'd showering kisses,
Gives me finger-tips instead.

Changed in dress, in form, in manners,
Changed in name—I hate the word!
I must call her now "Miss Amy,"
She who was my Ladybird.

Boarding-school has "formed" my playmate
In a *proper*, worldly mould,
And, in short, electro-plated
What was purest virgin gold.

Well, she's finished—that's a comfort;
So, thought I, I know the worst;
Time may wear off all this plating,
But I may be worn out first.

Just at that time I had letters
Made my lone heart bound with joy.
After three years' absence, Tom was
Coming home, my sailor boy.

I had watched Miss Amy listening
When I talked about my son;
Boy no longer, but a man with
Rank and fame right bravely won.

Amy saw my bearded sailor
Cast his arms about my neck,
While all down my furrowed cheek ran
Tears of gladness without check.

Not alone I wept. My sailor
Showed a tenderness as deep.
Tom is such a brave young fellow
He is not afraid to weep.

All the happy days that followed
You may picture if you will;
Past, but seeming ever present,
Memory lingering round them still.

And I spent those days in watching
Blessed facts from fancies grow—
Watching two lives interweaving,
As I'd pictured long ago.

Till, one evening, Amy gently
Stole her hand in mine, and then
Softly whispered, "Father Christmas,
Take me to your heart again."

"I have been a foolish creature,
With my prim 'young lady' style,
But, though I have seemed so formal,
I have loved you all the while."

Oh, the joy of that confession,
Oh, the happiness it brought!
Scarce could I find words to utter
The assurance that she sought.

"Yes, my darling, you are dear as
Ever, clinging round my heart.
Tom, come here, sir, try and settle
That we three no more may part."

Well, I'll not say much about them,
But two suits have just been heard;
I have won that suit in Chancery,
Tom has won my Ladybird.

One was Equity's decision,
But more blessed was the word
Which has given to me a daughter
In my darling Ladybird.

One has made me rich, the other
Richer still in home and love.
I'm bewildered at the thought of
What our future yet may prove.

I am seventy now, but hoping—
Stranger things have oft occurred—
Father Christmas may be "grandpa"
To another Ladybird.

RUTH LANE

THE SPIRITS OF THE BELLS.

A MIDWINTER NIGHT'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RANDOM TRUTHS IN COMMON THINGS," ETC.

THERE are eight bells in the belfry of the church of this parish. Eight bells, and every moment I am expecting them to fall, soft and sudden—nay, too soft to be sudden—into the silence of this Christmas-eve. Eight bells. Yes, but now I remember only six will give voice to-night, for one of them is silent, and one is cracked. Ah, now, I might moralise about these bells, being alone.

It is a bitter night, keen frost and white silent snow; just, however, what a winter's night should be. How the yule-log crackles, and the great hungry flame goes roaring up the chimney. That last drive that Mary gave it, just before she left the room with my tray, has turned the white but charred heart of the log towards me. How fantastic the spirits of the fire that leap and twist and intertwine about the brave banquet that is set to feast their hunger, to wit, that sturdy bole of elm which once went to compose a living tree! Do they seek, in their fantasy, to dress it with fire-foliage? or are they whirling in a country dance about it in their glee? Then the "faces in the fire"—one can often be pleased to sit and dreamily watch these—when one sits by the fireside alone. Alone? There the word is again, and it does not seem a pleasant word; a jar grates in it to-night.

No, I don't feel inclined to read. I feel—for an old dry business man—a little inclined to sentiment. And why not? Ah, I used, as a boy, to have many a dream, at which I smile now, yet not hardly nor scornfully—when, that is, I find time to recall them. I was to have been a poet, that was certain; and assuredly successes in after years have never equalled the exquisite delight of first seeing a poem of mine in print, in the Poet's Corner of the "Hereford Journal," nor have disappointments been much keener than that of having the ms. volume, that was to have delighted the world, returned unopened by Murray, and refused at the door by Moxon. Then what joy when first a magazine accepted a poem, and printed it by itself on the stiff clean page! "The Bells." Yes, I remember that was the poem: "The Bells!"

"Hark! now the clear soft peal of bells
Falls on the silent eve;
Now dies afar, now nearer swells,
Yet ever makes me grieve;
It seems to weigh upon my heart,
Bid all its gaiety depart,
And dwell like sadness there:
My spirit seems to sink and die,
And o'er it steals, I know not why,
A feeling like despair;
Yet still I love those sounds to hear,
Now wasted far, now pealing near,
Borne through the evening air."

Yes, that was the feeling it brought over the heart in young days—low, faint auguries of Autumn, I suppose, rustling in the new delicious foliage of Spring. It, ought, then, surely now to have just the opposite effect, this bell-music, and to stir with tender spring memories the changing branches of the heart from which Summer has stolen away; the prime of life gone, and the autumn-time of life reached. Will

it be so with the bell-voices presently? Will the heart be stirred again, now in the falling year of life, with the vigour and hope of "auld lang syne"? Will the eager impulse of youth stir the sluggish sap with the energies of the spring-time?

"O I see the crescent-promise of my spirit hath not set:
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet!"

Nay, not so. I think that those old voices of foreboding—

"All things are vanity,"
"Death comes to end them all,"
"Sweet hopes are born to die,"

—will now be but succeeded by a melancholy burden as the six bells peal out:—

"Did-we-not-tell-you-so?"
"Faded are life's delights,"
"Gone is the lovely dream,"

—but, then, with a tenderer refrain,—

"Hark! to the Christmas news!"
"Life comes to conquer death,"
"Sweet Hope shall live again,"
"Sorrows shall pass away,"
"Fulness of joy shall come,"
"Pleasures for evermore."
"Hark! to the Christmas news!"
"Sad world, take heart again!"
"Jesus, the Lord, is come!"
"Jesus, the strong to save!"
"Hark! to the Christmas news!"

The spirits of the bells; they are well described in, I think, "The Chimes." And the bells are preluding now; stirring from their silence in the tower. First one, then another, hesitating, tentative, uncertain; as when the mind searches for some dim memory, piecing it together faintly and brokenly, bit by bit, until at last it rings out clear and distinct.

And now let my fancy take the bells at this disadvantage, so to speak, before they are blended and welded, as it were, into one cadence; no longer units, but parts merely of one united whole. Let each of the bells be, as it were, the guardian and genius of some special function of the whole peal; let them, not yet whirling in giddy sequence, bring each his several association into the mind. Let me, alone on this midwinter night, indulge for once in a dream of the bells.

And which is this that first glides into the room? Golden hair floating about her, like a cloud of glory; snowy-garmented, but with a rose-warmth over the white; a sweet atmosphere of many melodies about her; all joyous, no ending refrain in them of regret or melancholy. There is no mistaking her—the spirit of the *Wedding Bells*.

"The merry wedding bells; golden bells." Nay, I would rather say, the *earnest* wedding bells. Ah, joyous, earnest time that comes but once a life; a time that will bear no repetition: reject it, and for the clear golden notes you have but the dull echo of the unmuffled peal! Earnest bells! a promise in them, no doubt, that in this halting life can never be fulfilled, yet exquisite in anticipation, delicious in realisation, dear to memory! But the Genius of the

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bell is fading into a paler gold as I watch her in my reverie ; paler, yet more perfect her face is growing ; mellowing, maturing—so she passes away. Let me, before she quite disappears, recall one of many old memories, not merely selfish ones, connected with the full mellow music of the cadenced wedding bells. It shall be embodied in some lines that I remember to have written down, years ago, when all England was alive with music of marriage bells, because of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England. Ah, long ago now ; and she is the wife and the mother who was then the bride ; yet let the echo of those swarming bells come back to me, in this midwinter dream of mine :—

“ News of thy marriage o’er the land,
Young Princess, loudly swells !
And from their slumber in the tower,
As smitten by a fairy wand,
Awake the banded Bells.

“ Like snow-flakes hovering as they fall
Dwell they in measured round ;
Circling about, confused yet clear,
A deep vibration swims thro’ all,
Scenting the air with sound.

“ The village spires far-voiced proclaim
Sweet prayers of peace for thee :
The college towers’ deep-cadenced tun
In long-linked racings thrill the air,
And fire in bursts, and sink again,
To far low prayings for thy name ;
And near and far peals everywhere
The weird bell-minstrelsy.

“ The murmurous, many-voiced hum
Over the island dwells ;
—Some sorrow to the heart must come,
To hear the ‘ Farewell ’ of thy home,
From all its hills and dells,
In solemn measures swung to thee
In rhythm sweet of bells.

“ Yet go, God’s blessing on thee, child,
—So may the life he gave
Be blessed, that when thy parting knells
Are wafted o’er the wave,
They may but seem,—to hearts that heard
How that old peal thine England stirred,—
As lingerers from thy marriage bells,
That come to bless thy grave.”

So the spirit of the wedding bells passes, after all, with a refrain from another bell ; a bell deeper toned ; a bell not golden, *except to some ears*.

But what is this ? How to describe its appearance ? A sort of embodied discord, and yet not that exactly. For about the apparition there is the piteous remembrance of an *ancient melody* into which *some jar* has come. A forlorn, destitute look about the eyes ; a dishevelled appearance altogether ; a haggard face, and yet a face of broken beauty ; music in the heart evidently, but no power now of giving expression to it ; a thing to shrink from, and yet to pity, with the pity not of contempt but of love. A thing *beautiful once*, but a lost thing *now*.

Truly, I had forgotten. This must, then, be the spirit of the *Cracked Bell*.

Ah, embodiment of *many* a life ! Clear in ring and sonorous once, but some untoward blow came, and the rest of life has become a jar that vainly desires to be melody. Perhaps its own clapper broke it ; the very exultation and exuberance of the life

in the heart ; no measure in the peal ; riotous, intoxicated, mad with glee. Then the sudden discord, and all that was over, *for ever*. For ever ? Nay ; only, maybe, *until it is new cast*. Then the discord shall cease, and the restored bell take its place eternally in the ordered melody of some well-cadenced peal. And, indeed, the spirit of this bell seems, as in a prophecy, to gather fairer proportions, and to swell into a melodious fulness, and into a thing of all sweet accord, as it passes like a dissolving view, and another form defines itself before my mind’s meditative eye.

What can those calm eyes, that staid and peaceful air, that infinite suggestion of melody, express ? What else but, surely, the presence of the spirit of the *Sabbath Bells* ? And with that sweet look that seems silently to echo the dear invitation—“ *Come unto me, ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest*,”—with it there is wafted to me an old refrain of a hymn sung in church in my childhood days, but that has somehow fallen out of our hymn-books since :—

“ Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day ;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

“ And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord !
To feel devotions soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

“ In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tears would fall ;
But, on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.

“ Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days’ chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man’s bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

“ Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre,—
Of broken Sabbath’s tune the song ;
My lips be touch’d with sacred fire,
To pour the Saviour’s praise along !”

But oh, if you would find the true lovers of Sabbath bells, go into the bush of Australia, or Canada, and seek the emigrants, hundreds of miles from the nearest chime of them—emigrants, perhaps, who in England cared little or nothing for their too-familiar invitation—and, calling up to their memory the echoes of old Sabbath bells, note how, with the remembrance, the tears as well start suddenly to their eyes.

Ha ! but there strides in a warrior spirit, surely. Brazen armoured, clanging as he comes, it is clearly the spirit of the Bells of Victory, also of the Bells of Alarm. The terrible tocsin, making hearts and pulses stop at dead of night ; also the race and firing that kindles the soul at news of a mighty victory. Well do I remember sitting at my window one night, near London, and hearing the stern bells firing for a great victory in the Crimea. Let me, in this hour of old life grown young again, recall the lines I penned at that time :—

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

They are firing, the loud bells,
And the dim unconscious dells
Are smitten with the throbbing of the sound,
They meet in harsh melodious crash,

In one wild fierce triumphant clash ;
And the hearts of myriad listeners leap,
And lonely women wailing weep,
In the sleeping homes around.

As the lightning brings the rain,
They have melted in a strain
Like the cool shower falling softly on the world :
And only comes the low soft chime
That our childhood heard in the peaceful time,
When WAR was a legend faint and grand,
And we thought not to see, o'er the sleeping land,
The banners wild unfurled.

Fire on, exulting bells !
For my heart your peal excels,
In the mad delirious triumph of its pride !
Ye peal in tones of VICTORY,
And I am not yet in mood to sigh
With the young warm hearts whom your every peal
Striketh like cold and pointed steel,
Thinking, *how pale and still they lie*,
Who, that ye might ring forth on high,
In the dread battle,—died.

But hence, warrior bell, with your clash, and clang,
and roar, and the frenzy you pour ; for here steps
in lightly, though the doors are shut, the spirit of
the Christmas Bells ! Oh, dear familiar form ! but is
it a bell or is it a peal ? A thousand melodies, of
childhood's wonder and delight ; of youth's more
intelligent, but not more real, rejoicing ; of the
grave appreciation of maturer years. News, ever
new at Christmas time, news of a Saviour born ; and
bell-music set once and for all to words, words for
the Christmas bells at any rate :—

“ Peace and good—will ;—good—will and peace
Peace and good—will to all man—kind ! ”

Other bells yet to come ; two spirits especially.
I know them well, as, one upon the heels of the
other, they float into the room. One the old, old
man, worn out, broken down, and ready to depart.

One, the bright and smiling child. One, the genius
of farewells ; one, the patron of welcomes. One,
pointing to the past ; one, to the opening future. One,
sombre as night ; one, bright as the rosy earliest morn.

Yet stay ; is the confusion in my own tired brain ?
Or is it so that these close-linked spirits fluctuate,
and seem to interchange their parts and attributes ?
Nay, it is even so. To some, indeed, the gladness
and the brightness, the youth and the morning, are
the attributes of the future ; but to other some
they seem a lost glory which clings about the past.
To some the New Year is robed in light ; but to
other some it is shrouded in gloom. To some the
Old Year bells go out in a sob, for the New Year bells
to come in with laughter and glee ; but to other
some the wail lies in the New Year bells ; and the
music of the Old Year's requiem has, for them, the
dear echo of joy that for ever passes with its death.

Hush, now they come, all banded together ;
spiritual, pathetic, sorrowful, joyful, delicious ; now
far away, now close beside me ; taking hands, they
float up to my window ; taking hands, they retire
over the dark and whispering woods. They tell of
joy and gladness ; they tell of tears and woe. Mar-
riages and funerals are blended in their cadence ;
war and peace ; welcomes and farewells ! Of how
many Christmases that came and went ; of how
many New Years that became Old Years ; of how many
Old Years that died to their melancholy requiem, do
they waft the records over the changing race of men,
and over the unchanging hills, and under the im-
passive stars !

Ring out, ring on, wild bells, tender bells, glad
bells, mournful bells, pathetic bells ; ring out your
many-toned utterance, according to the many hearts
that listen ! But blend all, if at Christmas, into
God's glad announcement :—

“ Behold the Christ is born ! ”

If at the New Year, into His sure promise :—

“ He maketh all things new ! ”
“ All things new ; all things new ! ”



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